

## Spoiler Alert

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## Spoiler Alert

by [mini\\_puffs](#)

### Summary

“Man, I can’t believe Dumbledore died.”

Whirling around, he grabs whoever said it by the arm and turns to face them. “You,” he accuses, channeling years worth of disappointment and rage into his tone. He’s been waiting for this moment since the day he knew what his wrist read. “You’re the one!”

Or: The first words your soulmate will say are written on your wrist, but George has no idea what to do with his.

### Notes

- Spoilers for Harry Potter, I'm sorry if you just read the summary
- Based on [that one tumblr post](#) also someone else made a game of thrones fic on the same au and I've never watched the show or characters but [check it out as well!](#)
- tumblr post text: *so if in the soulmate au the very first words your soulmate ever says to you are tattooed somewhere on your body since the day you are born imagine having something like 'man I cant believe dumbledore died' tattooed on you. imagine being spoiled for a book series that doesnt even exist yet. imagine worrying about this dumbledore guy your whole childhood while not knowing who he is. imagine knowing dumbledore dies before jk rowling even thinks about it.*

*So you finally find your soulmate. After years of knowing that Dumbledore dies and the entire franchise being ruined, you find him. You're in the theatre, Dumbledore is dead and you hear it. 'Man I can't believe Dumbledore died' by a guy walking right by you and in you're rage you shout 'You! You're the one!' The guy stops, looks at you, his own arm to read the words, then back at you and he says, "That's not really how I imagined that being said"*

Soulmates are weird.

Really, the whole idea of being able to find someone that is your literal *soulmate* all with the help of a few sentences tattooed on your body from the day you were born should be a blessing. There's no need to worry, wait for the right person, or wonder because looking at those words every day serves as a reminder that there's someone out there, fate linked with yours, that's probably thinking the same thing. The day the two of you meet, the stars will align, angels will sing from the heavens, and you both will say the words on your wrist, just as they're meant to be. From there on, it's practically perfect, and you two will drive off into the sunset as the credits roll and some sort of music plays like the hero of the story has vanquished the evil, and is now looking forward to the future of their world.

Haha, wrong.

Because if that is truly the case, you'd think there'd be more people running into their soulmates, more stories with happy endings for them, etc.

No.

In a perfect world, maybe, but reality is nothing like that.

The majority of people have ordinary greetings and phrases written on their wrists. "Hello" or "good morning" are very common ones, and you'd be fortunate if you got anything past that. A few lucky ones have names included in their first sentence, although that's incredibly rare. Some are "Did you do the homework?" or "Want to be friends?" and you know it'll happen young, and can only hope they'll notice. "Your total is \$14.14" and "Get out of the way!" are also some bad ones, as you'll either have a short-lived encounter or a terrible one. Some are straight up in another language, and some have no sentence at all.

Not to mention the fact that there are nearly nine billion people on the planet, and although the words are an indicator you'll cross paths at least *once*, very few people actually find their soulmates. Sure, there are the usual sweet stories that pop up every once in a while but many have resigned from the soulmate beliefs and followed their heart to where it takes them.

George is born with the words, "Man I can't believe Dumbledore died" flawlessly inscribed on his wrist. He's five turning six when he goes to school, and the first thing he begs his parents to read for him is none other than those words.

"Who's Dumbledore?" He asks them. Both of them shrug. They've seen it since he was born, but it's his first time hearing of it. "Why'd he die?"

Again, they don't know.

When he learns how to read, he rereads those words embedded into his skin again.

They're the same.

No matter how many times he blinks, rubs his eyes, the sentence remains the same.

What?

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Nobody is named Dumbledore. Not in his school, not in his family, not in his country, heck, probably not even in the goddamn world. There are no records of anybody with that name dying or even existing in the first place. He knows. He's listened to the news, read every paper, done so for the past four years.

Originally, his first thought is that perhaps Dumbledore *isn't* born yet. That means he and his soulmate will meet when they're older, which is boring, as his classmates are all crazy over theirs right now and there's no way he can wait that long. Second, maybe Dumbledore *is* in a different country, but there's no way his parents are going to allow him to fly to every single one to be sure. Maybe Dumbledore's a pet's name, which is why he can't find a record of it anywhere, or maybe it's in a different language. There are so many possibilities, and George's head hurts trying to take it all in.

He's in year six when his teacher assigns them a book report, the classroom letting out a collective groan. He doesn't look up when they pass the books onto their desks, hardly blinks when they open theirs to the first page. George sighs, tuning out the teacher throughout the first page until she says a word that makes him fall off his chair.

“‘*This man's name was Albus Dumbledore*—’ George, are you alright?”

“Yes!” He says quickly. His whole class is staring at him but he doesn't care, taking out a pencil and paper. “Sorry!”

Of course. *Books*. He forgot. How did he forget? All this time, the man himself was in a book!

Realization strikes him next, and the pencil he's using to write down every detail nearly snaps in two. *Dumbledore dies*. This man, in this series, *dies*, and George is barely on the first chapter of the first book and he has to deal with that knowledge?

His teacher continues with the reading and George pays close attention this time, making a mental note that whoever is soulmate is, they're going to be hit with the Killing Curse the moment he gets his hands on them.

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He finishes the book on the same day. The concept is interesting. Magic school, dark wizards, spells, and many characters, all of which he loves. He rereads it the next day, and the day after, to

the point where he's gotten every little detail memorized.

His teacher catches him reading it during lunch and she smiles. "There are more books in the series, you know," she tells him. Setting the book down, she writes down the names of them on a scrap of paper and explains that he can check them out at the school library, or buy a copy for himself.

George does both. He finishes the series within a week and begs his parents to buy him the full set for his birthday once he has to return them to the library. When he's nearing the end of the sixth book, the scene where he knows everything is about to go wrong, he chuckles the book against the wall and screams into his pillow because it happens, *it finally happens*, Dumbledore is dead and he's known it from the beginning and it's his stupid soulmate's fault.

He's ahead of his entire class in the series but since everyone and their mother is obsessing over the book now, it's not long before they catch up. Unfortunately, not many want to talk about the character deaths as much as he does, instead choosing to talk about Hogwarts houses and their favorite spells.

George is a Ravenclaw, and he's proud. Most of his classmates claim to be Gryffindors just to brag about being in the same house as Harry Potter while the rest of them watch. His school hosts a bunch of trivia events for the series and he wins every one by a landslide.

"Which knee does Dumbledore have a map of the London Underground?" His friend asks while they're on their way home.

George laughs. Anything related to Dumbledore he knows off the bat. He has his soulmate to thank for that. "The left one, duh."

His friends erupt into cheers. "He's good!"

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While the book series is done, no one says *the sentence*. George attends almost every Harry Potter related event nearby, holding out for the hope that perhaps his soulmate is there because even though they've spoiled one of his favorite book series, he can't help but smile. There's a high chance his soulmate is also a Potterhead, and thanks to them he's had fun memories with his friends and other fans.

(He'll still destroy his soulmate when they meet though. His attitude may have mellowed, but he is not going to let it get in the way of decking them for making him go insane for the first ten years of his life wondering who on Earth has the name *Dumbledore*.)

Luckily for him, the movies aren't. They're up to the fifth one so far, which means the sixth will have Dumbledore's death, and he might meet his soulmate there.

The only issue is patience. How long do movies take to create?

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The sixth movie comes out two years later, as he's in year nine.

George is ecstatic. It's finally here, and he barely gets any sleep the night before as his parents take him to watch it. The soundtrack is amazing, the acting is spot on, the movie is overall phenomenal, and the *scene* happens and as he exits the theater, he listens closely, waiting for the words to be spoken but--

Nobody says it.

Nor does anybody say it the second time he watches it.

Or the third.

By the final showing, he's used up all of his savings at this point to watch the film. He's practically memorized every scene by now, to the point where he could play it in his head. There's no way he's going to miss an opportunity to potentially meet his soulmate though, so he drags his friend along with him, pays for popcorn, and watches the movie for the umpteenth time.

Dumbledore's death scene plays. Nobody in the theater says anything, aside from the usual gasps and cries.

"Well, that was a good movie," his friend says, as it ends. They brush popcorn bits off their lap.  
"Ready to go?"

George frowns, watching the rest of the people filter out. They don't stop to say anything or glance in his direction. Did he do something wrong? He was sure he'd meet his soulmate here. Maybe it was spoken at a showing before and he didn't notice?

That's bullshit, his mind wants to scream. He remembers every moment after the film and every part of his childhood discussing it. He's done everything he could, maybe it's his soulmate that's not keeping their end of the bargain.

"Yeah," George gives in. Screw his soulmate. From this point on, he wants nothing to do with them. "Let's go."

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The seventh and final part of the series comes out.

George watches it once.

He doesn't meet his soulmate.

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His life goes on. He reads other novels and enjoys them, puts more effort into school, and passes all of his GCSEs.

He's also introduced to the wonderful world of the Internet during this time. He falls in love with it and video games, which he does when he has free time. Eventually, he starts coding plugins of his

own, testing them out in games. He ends up going to a university, and majors in computer science thanks to it.

18 is the age most people stop caring about finding their soulmate and go out whoever they want, and George is no different. He dates a few people and none of them work out but strangely enough, he doesn't mind it.

Harry Potter's twentieth anniversary rolls around. It's the one time he's not at home, as his family has flown to America for the summer break and he tagged along. He rarely gets homesick but as he scrolls through his friend's posts of fan meetups and events, he can't help but feel a little left out.

His family takes note. They're in Florida for now, which George is convinced is the hottest place on the planet. It's only early morning and the temperatures nearly 40 degrees Celsius. "There's a movie theater not too far from here," his mother says, taking the phone out of his hand as he yelps. "I heard they're playing the Harry Potter movies again. Why don't you all go?"

He snatches the phone back and glances at his siblings. "I don't think that they'd want to watch it anyway--"

"Watch what?" His sister asks from the bathroom.

"The Harry Potter movies," he replies before his mother can. "They're playing them all since it's the anniversary."

Her mouth curves into an "o" shape and she retreats into the bathroom. George sighs in relief, only for her to burst back in with the rest of their siblings in tow. "Let's go!" At his horrified expression, she places a hand on her hips and stares at him. "I thought you loved Harry Potter."

"I do," he says. He thinks back to the last time he watched the movies, so preoccupied to find his soulmate. "I don't feel like watching the movies right now though."

"I'll buy us snacks."

And, he's up, in the car, driving them to the place. Funny how the world works.

Keeping the rest of his siblings in line while his sister buys the tickets and food, it's a miracle that they make it to their seats together. When the trailers end and the movie start, George realizes he never asked which one they were watching but he doesn't need to, as the first scene plays and he can already tell.

There are a couple of other people in the theater, making small gasps and whispers throughout the film. A person in front of them keeps wheezing like a tea kettle whenever the most dramatic scenes happen and his siblings tugging on his shirt to ask questions don't make it any better. They're lucky he knows it by heart.

The *scene* comes and the teapot person laughs their loudest yet, to the point where whoever's next to them slaps their back. No more laughter comes from them for the rest of the movie.

The credits roll and George helps his family up. They walk out, complaints ringing in his ears.

"I'm tired!"

"I need to go to the bathroom!"

"Can we eat again?"

Biting back a groan, he deals with their problems one by one. George carries one, accompanies them to the bathroom, and allows his sister to take them back to get more snacks. That combined with the drowsy feeling after watching a movie, he's exhausted and when his left wrist flares up, he assumes it's from exertion until he hears *it*--

"Man, I can't believe Dumbledore died."

Whirling around, he grabs whoever said it by the arm and turns to face them. "You," he accuses, channeling years worth of disappointment and rage into his tone. He's been waiting for this moment since the day he knew what his wrist read. "*You're the one!*"

He regrets it the moment the words leave his mouth. The guy he's grabbed is a few inches taller than him, and having to crane his head up mid-yell doesn't exactly have the same delivery. The rest of the speech he has prepared to say also dies in his throat, as the guy is unbelievably attractive, light yellow eyes staring at him with wide curiosity, blond hair framing the sides of his face.

"Huh," the guy says, blinking. He glances down at his wrist, which George hasn't let go of. The words are the same as what he said. "That's not really how I expected that being said."

The guy's friend is laughing, clutching his sides and leaning onto the wall for support. Oh well. George hopes his face isn't as red as he thinks it is, scrambling to come up with some sort of excuse. There is no way in hell that someone like this is his soulmate. "I'm sorry, I-my bad, I didn't mean--"

It's the guy's turn to laugh. It sounds like the tea kettle person in the theater, wheezes, and gasps for breath. "I-it's fine." He covers his mouth with his hand. "I promise I'm not laughing at you, I'm just--" Another fit of laughter takes over. "Give me a minute."

It feels like an eternity has passed by the time he looks back up at him. George's face feels as if it's on fire. The strangers watching the exchange with puzzled looks don't make it any better.

"Oh, God, I'm sorry," the guy says, wheezes dying. "I ruined the entire series for you, didn't I?"

Years ago, George would have leaped at this opportunity. A simple "yes" and his essay on other useless things he's done to find him would follow. But now, he's too shocked and happy at finally meeting his soulmate that he lets it slip by. "Yes, but, uh, I'm just glad I met you right now."

"Me too," he admits and extends his other hand out. "I'm Dream."

"George." George shakes it.

"The guy dying is Sapnap. Bad's got him though." Dream gestures at the two, smug smiles on their faces.

"Nice, hi," he says with a wave to them. "I'm here with my family." George turns around. None of them are present--he'll fill them in later. He looks back and his eyes land on the hoodie Dream's wearing. "I'm guessing you're a Hufflepuff?"

Dream scoffs. "No, Slytherin. What about you?"

"Ravenclaw!"

"Knew it."

George tilts his head. None of the clothes he's wearing are blue. "What do you mean?"

He shrugs. "You kept talking during the movie, explaining it and stuff. Also, what I first said to you," his eyes flit to his wrist, "you probably spent a lot of time trying to figure it out."

That's one way to put it. "Yeah, I did." George smiles. "Pretty sure if you hadn't said that I would've never gotten into Harry Potter in the first place. I know almost everything about the series now," he says proudly.

Raising a brow, Dream smirks and tugs at the small charm on his bracelet. It looks like a smiley face. "No way."

"Yes, ask me a question about anything in the series!"

"Hm." He chews on his lower lip, deep in thought. It's kind of cute. "Since we watched the sixth movie," he decides, "what page did Dumbledore die on?"

"Page 556." George answers without missing a beat. "It was chapter 27, The Lightning Struck Tower."

Dream blinks. "Dang. I was just joking."

George points at his wrist, where the sentence stands. "You should've known better than to ask Dumbledore trivia."

"Yeah, is he your favorite character?"

It's George's turn to scoff. "Of course not. He's a manipulative jerk that was so scared of Voldemort that he purposefully put a child into an abusive household to raise him into the perfect weapon against him, let an innocent man be thrown into prison for over a decade—"

"Uh—"

"Literally 90% of the events in the books were planned by him. He has done good things and grown from his past mistakes, but you can't deny that kind of behavior."

"Okay hold on, as much as I want to hear this, I have to take these guys home," Dream interrupts mid-rant, pointing to his friends, who are whispering to each other. They gasp and try to protest, but he ignores them. "I think your family is waiting for you too. But," he says as George's sister rounds the corner with his family, "maybe after we could meet up? Get coffee, or something?"

"I'd like that." George grins. "There's a restaurant next door. Meet back here in an hour?"

"Sure. You'll pay?"

He shoves him. "Now I see why you're a Slytherin."

They exchange numbers, George says a quick goodbye to him and his friends before running back to his family.

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As they promised, they meet in front of the restaurant in an hour. Dream is there first, hands

shoved in his pockets as he paces around the entrance. George taps his shoulder and they enter together.

“I thought you were gonna stand me up,” Dream jokes as George reassures him he’d do no such thing.

He’s never had sushi before, making a face at the food until George kicks him and demands him to try. Grocery store sushi is terrible in comparison to authentic ones. He agrees that the food is okay and George hides his smile when Dream eats the rest of them.

There’s a lot for them to go over in an afternoon. George learns Dream’s a few years younger than him, didn’t attend university, but has more tech certifications than he’s sure some of his professors do. He *is* the tea kettle guy from the movie and watching him wheeze makes George burst into laughter as well. He lives nearby and has a cat, which is a bonus in George’s eyes.

George absolutely destroys him when it comes to Harry Potter trivia though.

“Okay, okay,” Dream says, pulling up a question on his phone. “How many stairs--”

“142,” he replies.

“What the hell--I didn’t even finish reading it!” He yells. The other people stare at them but he continues to shriek and pound his fist onto the table. “You’re such a cheater!”

“How could I have cheated?!”

“I swear you are,” Dream fumes. He scrolls through his phone screen. “I’m going to find a question that you won’t know the answer to.”

“Alright, then.” George sips his tea and leans back. “Ask away.”

Their lunch is over too quickly. Contrary to what they said before, both of them end up paying for their food. One pays for the meal itself and the other pays the same amount as a tip to their waiter, who nearly passes out from shock, much to Dream’s amusement.

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The next few days go by in a blur. His family is ecstatic at the fact that he’s met his soulmate and doesn’t mind when Dream joins them for the rest of their vacation. He ends up showing them around the state. His friends are nice; Bad uses the word “muffin” to curse far too often and Sap teases him about being taller than him besides being four years younger.

The last day before George has to fly back home, he and Dream stroll through the stores on the street. It is burning hot and every shop they walk in for the air conditioner. It’s one of the most bizarre experiences George has had in comparison to England’s weather, but his week is a bizarre experience in itself.

The last store they walk in is a bookstore. Rather than going back outside, George drags him to sections and pulls books off shelves at random.

“This looks good,” he says, flipping it over. A dark city is on the cover, the silhouette of a figure standing at the edge of a building with a mask and sword strapped to their side. “The summary’s

actually on the back--”

Dream looks at it. “That guy dies,” he deadpans. “Like he kills a dragon attacking the city but dies because of the people chasing him ten seconds later.”

“Dream!”

Chuckling, he dodges George’s kick. “What? I’m saving you, you the emotional trauma!”

“Oh my *god*,” George moans. He places the book back on the shelf. There’s no point in buying it now. “I hate you.”

“I’m *kidding*.” Dream places it back in his hands. “I’ve never seen this series in my life.”

“Still.” George huffs and crosses his arms over his chest. “Just when I was going to tell you—“

“Hm? Tell me what?”

“Nothing, how about this one?” He holds up another, a dog in the middle of a meadow on the cover. “It seems cute. There’s a little dog and everything!”

“The dog probably dies then.”

“*Dream!*”

“Okay, okay!” Forget about their height difference, George stamps on his foot when Dream tries to run. He snickers and pushes him back. “George!”

“Stop it!”

Dream loses it, laughing so hard he drags George to the ground with him. The books he’s holding fall on his face but he continues to howl with laughter, keeping a firm grip on George’s wrist. George watches his face before bursting into laughter of his own. He lays down next to him on the floor and laces his fingers through his. Their sentences on their wrists face each other.

Dream freezes at the sudden touch but quickly relaxes, picking up one of the books that fell. “Man, I can’t believe this guy dies,” he jokes.

George laughs. He knows what to say next. “You,” he says, with a smile forming on his lips, “you’re the one.”

Soulmates are weird. Maybe the stars aren’t aligned, the only singing is from the faint radio system overhead, their movie has barely begun, but George knows one thing—Dream is his.

Even if he did give him a spoiler.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!